Eng. Poetry vol 27.

The Rival Politicians:

Or,

The Biter Bitten.

The Rival Politicians:

Or,

The Blue Bitch.

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THE

IVAL POLITICIANS:

OR,

The Biter Bitten.

A FABLE,

BETWIXT

A *Lion*, a *Wolf*, and a *Fox*.

——— *Nec Lex eſt juſtior ulla,*
Quam Necis artifices arte perire ſua.

OVID.

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THE

RIVAL POLITICIANS:

OR,

The Bitter Bitten.

A F A B L E.

A Lion, a Wolf, and a Fox.

The Rival Politicians:

Or,

The Biter Bitten.

A Grim Old Lion Sicken'd in his Cave,
And as moſt thought was ſtalking tow'rds his Grave;
The diſmal Tydings o'er the Foreſt blown,
His ſavage Subjects horrid Howl and Groan,
And from all Quarters to his Den they ran,
To bring him ſuch Aſſiſtance as they can:

Some to condole, the reſt to guard or wait,
And all to mollify their Monarch's Fate;
While others, not impolitickly Wiſe,
Upon the next Succeſſor caſt their Eyes.

All, but the Fox— who ſtanding ill at Court,
E'en kept at Home to mind his rural Sport:
All elſe were there— the Wolf was high in Grace,
Prime Miniſter, and above all in Place:
As Firſt in Favour, ſo he buſieſt plies
The Royal Couch, all Ways, and Means he tries
To mitigate his mighty Maſter's Pain,
For well he knew his Charity was Gain:
And having free Admittance to his Ear,
He thus, the drooping Sire began to chear:

'Your

'Your Majeſty muſt needs with Comfort find,
'Your Subjects, all ſo dutiful and kind;
'Who here upon their Knees with ardent Pray'r,
'Beſeech the Gods your precious Life to ſpare:
'Well knowing, for what Ends, indulgent Heaven,
'To any Realm, a gracious Prince has given:
'All but the Fox— and here his Lordſhip wept,
'To think that one ſuch Subject ſhould be left;
'He only of us all, is abſent found,
'A cunning, faithleſs, and ſeditious Hound;
'Who is ſo far from viſiting your Grace,
'Or from attending in this mournful Place,
'That Proud, and Scornful, he diſdain'd to know;
'How fell, or roſe at Court, the Publick Wo:
'Nor open, or in ſecret has enquir'd,
'How far'd the Royal Health ſo much deſir'd:

'Who can deviſe? what this reſerve may mean,
'Is it to ſooth his Choler? or his Spleen?
'Tis wond'rous ſtrange, but no more ſtrange than true,
'The Reynard-Clan, to Kings, ne'er paid the Homage [due.
'Sure, he muſt take ſome humorous Delight,
'To treat his Betters, with peculiar Spite;
'As many ſuch there are, ſo nice in Hate,
'They think none worth Deſpiſing, but the Great:
'In Sickneſs thus his Maſter to diſown,
'Baſeneſs like this deſerves the Royal Frown:
'Then from his Premiſes this Inference draws,
'Treaſon at leaſt, muſt be the real Cauſe.

But Reynard as the Fates were pleas'd to will,
Fearing the Worſt, and provident of Ill,
No longer at his Country-Seat delay'd,
But tow'rds the Court, with lucky Speed he made.

Leaſt

Leaſt ſome malicious Rumors might be ſpread,
T'endanger his Eſtate, if not his Head.
And to the Preſence-Door with Safety got,
Stood liſt'ning, to provide againſt a Plot:
(For well he knew what Heſiod does decree,
Two of one Trade did never well agree.
Foxes and Wolves, to do 'em Beſtial Right,
As much each other, as they Lambs or Poultry ſpite)
Then ſcraping gently with one Nail, a Sign
When Beaſts of Quality were entring in:
Tho' he had heard the Wolf from firſt to laſt,
Yet as he nothing minded, in he paſt:
Then low before his Prince he proſtrate fell,
'Heav'ns bleſs your Majeſty, next loud did yell,
'And for his Sickneſs griev'd, but hop'd to've found him well.

The

The Biter Bitten.

The Lion bid him riſe, and only ſaid,

'He thought indeed his Lordſhip had been Dead;

'For that he had not for a Year at leaſt,

'Been ſeen at Court, as Viſitant or Gueſt;

'Told him his Abſence had been underſtood

'By moſt, and not without ſome Reaſons good;

'As if he tott'ring in his Duty ſtood:

'Unfirm in his Allegiance, and enclin'd

'To Principles of a revolving Kind:

'However his Reſentment he'd delay,

'Till he ſhould hear, what in Excuſe he'd ſay.

With that ſage Reynard, who Court Language knew,
And from good Doctrines wholeſom Uſes drew;
For gracious Leave to ſpeak, firſt thank'd his Prince,
And then moſt humbly offers his Defence.

'Moſt

'Moſt mighty Sovereign! and you noble Peers!'
(Here low he Bow'd, and dropp'd ſome ſoftning Tears)
'There's not a Beaſt in all this Furry Round,
'More Loyal to his Prince was ever found
'Than Reynard, tho' he here ſuſpected ſtands,
'By ſome, who hope to gain his forfeit Lands;
'If Accuſations only are enough,
'To make Beaſts guilty without farther Proof;
'There's not a four-legg'd Innocent in all
'The Foreſts upon Earth, but thus may fall,
'By Slanders, Lies and Calumnies betray'd,
'Dy a curs'd Death, an injur'd guiltleſs Shade.
'A Noble Peer I find was heard to ſay,
'"Twas Treaſon, from the Court ſo long to ſtay;

'And

'And that the tedious Abſence I have ſhow'd,
'From Pride, Contempt, and Contumacy flow'd.
'If ſo—the Damnatory Sentence juſt,
'My Sovereign's Mercy be my only Truſt:
'But every Mortal Story's mighty good,
'Till by ſome other Story 'tis withſtood:
'Had I, which never yet was here averr'd,
'Rais'd any Forces, or in Arms appear'd;
'Or try'd to make my Fellow-Subjects riſe
'Againſt their King, by ſland'rous Hints or Lies;
'Been in a Plot to take away his Life,
'By Poiſon, or a vile Aſſaſſin's Knife:
'Then juſtly Reynard had been doom'd to bleed,
'No Death too cruel for ſo curs'd a Deed.
'But ſince that no ſuch Matters have appear'd,
'Thus far I hope my Innocence is clear'd.

'The

'The Reaſons then— that I refrain'd from Court,
'Are theſe my Leige,—both Honeſt, Plain, and Short,
'And of no trifling, unimportant Sort.

'When firſt my Sovereign's Sickneſs I was told,
'And that he grew as well Diſeas'd, as Old;
'That every Day his Health and Strength declin'd,
'Decaying in his Body and his Mind:
'Seiz'd with a loving Subject's real Grief,
'I vow'd to ſeek and bring him ſome Relief;
'If any ſuch, cou'd any where be got,
'By Mortal Beaſt, or begg'd, or ſtole, or bought:
'So calling for my Children, and my Wife,
'As all bound up in that important Life,
'Three Days, we ceas'd from Plunder and from Prey,
'Three Nights, on rotten Boughs of Trees we lay,

'To deprecate by Faſting, and by Pray'r,
'Thoſe Ills felonious Beaſts, might juſtly Fear:
'With Sacrifice the Sylvan Gods atone,
'To look with Pity, on our Sovereign down;
'And all thoſe Years of Life we had in Store,
'To take from us, and add 'em to his Score.
'Theſe Rites Religious thus perform'd in vain,
'Your Majeſty grew worſe the Rumor ran.
'Twou'd then be Labour loſt I ſaid, to fly
'To Court, for what? to flatter, fawn, and lye,
'With Hypocrites, with Looks demure to Pray,
'And Smile, and Bow a Monarch's Life away;
'To ſhed a few falſe Tears, that copious riſe
'Alike from Courtiers, as from Ladies Eyes.
'Tears are but Water, Complements but Wind,
'Neither for Phyſick by the Gods deſign'd.

Poor

'Poor Med'cines both, to help a Helpleſs King;
'Yet theſe are all the Med'cines, Courtiers bring.
'Words, a vaſt Crop at Court, luxuriant found,
'Deeds, riſe but thinly from that barren Ground.

'To Delphos, and to Phœbus next I fly,
'The Tripod, and the Lycian Lots to try;
'His awful Fane approach with Reverence due,
'(Phœbus a God, and a Phyſician too.)
'From Morn to Night the healing Power invoke,
'With Blood of Victims ſlain, and Clouds of ſacred [Smoak.
'Six Nights before his Shrine entranc'd remain,
'And on the Sev'nth this Anſwer I obtain.——

'*Let anxious Reynard ſearch the World around,*
'*The lucky Med'cine will at laſt be found;*

'Which ſhall at once his Maſter's Ills aſſwage,
'And diſappoint his envious Rival's Rage;
'Quick let him fly, far as the burning Zone,
'Explore the myſtick Charm, the Work is done.

Away I inſtant ſcour o'er Hills and Plains,
Reſolv'd no length of Way, ſhould check my Pains;
All Obſtacles of Ocean, Earth or Skies,
At laſt I conquer, as at firſt deſpiſe.
Cities, Towns, Villages, where e'er I go
I ask, adviſe with all, I meet, or know.

'There's not a Plant, that Bloſſoms in the Fields,
'That either Food, or Phyſick Mortals yields;'
'But all its Powers by Chymick Art I've try'd;
'And had if proper, to this Caſe apply'd.

'Ten

'Ten Thouſand ſeveral Doctors I have Fee'd,
'Who all preſcrib'd at Random, Purge and Bleed.

'Diſſatisfy'd with theſe, I farther roam,
'At laſt, to India's ſultry Climate come;
'There in a Cave, a Brachman Sage I meet,
'His venerable Beard flow'd Silver to his Feet;
'The Black uncouth Gymnoſophiſt I found,
'Diſparting various Simples on the Ground.
'This ſure's the Wight I thought by Heaven deſign'd,
'T' explain the Oracle, and Phœbus Mind.
'I tell the Royal Caſe--- (for Beaſts can ſpeak
'All Languages as well as Æſop's Greek)
'With that upſtarts ſurpriz'd the gloomy Leech,
'Deep skill'd in Phyſick Lore, but ſlow of Speech,

'Modeſtly

'Modeſtly Wife. This Caſe you ſay is Pain
'With Lameneſs,— both attack'd as yet in vain.
'This Malady— if I can rightly gueſs,
'Tis Perſpiration only can redreſs;
'Diaphoreticks outwardly apply'd,
'For inward— with Succeſs are ſeldom try'd;
'Sweating, by all the College is allow'd,
'Beſt to ſublime the Spirits, and refine the Blood;
'The Nerves and Muſcles thus— from Fetters freed,
'To Tonick Motion— happily ſucceed;
'And where hot fiery Particles abound—
'They're always beſt in humid Vapor drown'd;
'Then bidding me at ſome due Diſtance ſtand,
'He reaches from on high his Magick Wand;
'This o'er his Head he Nine Times ſwiftly whirl'd,
'Round it a living Serpent hiſs'd and curl'd.

'Then

'Then marking with its Point the ſandy Ground,
'Theſe following Characters inſcrib'd I found.

'Take a Wolf's Skin, a Wolf that is a Male,
'All others, but a Dog-wolf's Skin, will fail;
'This Skin cloſe rent from the diſmantl'd Fleſh,
'With all its vital Blood, and Spirits freſh,
'The Patient's naked Body muſt enfold---
'And e'er the Moon her nightly Courſe has roll'd,
'He'll become Strong of weak, and Young of old.

An eaſy Med'cine ſtreight the Monarch cries,
An eaſy Med'cine the whole Court replies:
'Reynard our Own, and Peoples Thanks receive,
'Here's a Male Wolf now preſent and alive:

'Take

'Take him incontinent without Delay,
'And here alive before us inſtant flay.
'Quick with their Teeth th'Experiment they try'd,
'And ſoon uncas'd his Lordſhip of his Hide.

The Fox, who view'd him as he lay half Dead,
Unſated with Revenge, inſulting ſaid;
'An odder Transformation ne'er was known,
'What a Firſt Miniſter a Wreſtler grown?
'Naked at Court, without his Mask or Cloaths?
'In faith, my Lord, you'll fright our *Belles* and *Beauxs*.

With that the Wolf with Anguiſh fell expir'd,
The Fox Triumphant to his Grange retir'd.

Thus

Thus an Old Courtier, with a Young at Strife,
O'er match'd in Wit, his Office loſt and Life;
Not but the former's Malice was well meant,
But mix'd with too much Lead, in working bent.
The Lion, for great Equity rever'd,
To neither Side enclin'd 'till Both were heard:
Fools only hear the Plaintiff, all the Wiſe
Reſerve one Ear for the Defendant's Cries.
The Fox in all Court Arts the Wolf ſurpaſs'd,
Was Innocent beſides, ſo gain'd his Cauſe at laſt.

And may all Courtiers find this Favourite's Fate,
Who ſtrive, on others Ruins, to be Great.

FINIS.